The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE BIRD'S SONG.

The nest of a bird on a tree,
A marvel of patience and skill,
And a bird with a heart full of glee,
As he fluttered and sang at his will.
Above me the summer sun shone,
I sang and rejoiced in his beam;
And in the bright sunshine alone
I dreamed out a sweet little dream.
My heart like the birdling's was gay,
My dreams were as joyous and free;
And I said: "Last forever, glad day!
Sing forever, sweet songster, to me!"

But alas for the sunshine that gleamed!
The clouds shut it out from my sight;
And alas for the dream that I dreamed!
It faded and passed in a night;
The skies of the morning were gray,
My heart was unquiet and sore;
And I said, "Let life bring what it may,
I shall never be glad any more."
And, leaning my head on the pane,
The whole dreary picture to see,
I marked where the wind and the rain
Had torn the bird's nest from the tree.

All ruined and shattered it lay;
Aloft 'gainst the dreary gray sky,
Alone in the dreary gray day,
The singer had perched him on high.
"Poor little companion!" I sighed,
"Together we sang in the sun;
But now, all our wishes denied,
Our singing forever is done!"
When, lo! looking downward no more,
But upward, courageous and strong,
He poured out his heart as before
In joyous and jubilant song!

Rebuked for my bitter complaint,
I strove to look up at the skies;
But my heart was too heavy and faint,
Too dim were my tear-laden eyes;
But I went to the merciful Lord,
And I laid down my heart at his feet,
While I yielded, with never a word,
The dream I had counted so sweet,—
"The will of my Father be done!"
I said, looking up unafraid;
Then we two, who had sung in the sun,
Together sang on in the shade.

—*Selected.*

THANKSGIVING.

I.

Let any dispassionate person examine the liturgy of any one of the great Christian churches, or let him collect together what he may remember of the extempore prayers of dissenters, and he will, I venture to predict, be surprised to observe how marvellously the story of the lepers is verified every day, how for ten prayers there is but one thanksgiving!—"We bless Thee for creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life." Some few short words like these at the end of whole litanies of minute petitions are thought sufficient to dismiss the million, million benedictions which our Creator is forever pouring like sunbeams on our heads. Now, if it be right to *pray* for every sort of desirable object,—for dry weather and for rain, for victory over our enemies and for deliverance from lightning and tempest, plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, murder, and sudden death,—surely it cannot be thought superfluous to *thank* God for similar blessings with at least equal assiduity. Yet, for the sunshine and the moonlight, for summer's stores and winter's healthful snows, for the radiant earth and solemn sea, for fruits and flowers and brutes and birds, for our own

wondrous frames of flesh, for sight and hearing, taste and smell and feeling, for sleep, for language, for human love, for intellect and memory, for all the wondrous powers which permit the child of yesterday to converse with the dead of all the ages, and to soar in thought through the realms of boundless space,—for these blessings what liturgy pours its long strains of thanksgiving before the throne of the merciful Benefactor?

It would seem, too, as if the things for which we do return some expressions of gratitude were only the blessings which come to the lower part of our nature,—traditional thanksgivings, if I may call them so,—for the mercies men in ages of barbarism felt to be greatest. We say "grace before and after meat": we have forms of public thanks for good harvests and for victory over our enemies. These are well. Even that poor formality of grace, as it is commonly understood, it would be sad to abandon, profaned though it so often be by the levity of its insertion between the paragraphs of a jesting tale or the retorts of an angry argument. But why are no other blessings, save food and safety, made themes of praise? These are the dews about our feet: have we no thanks for the showers on our heads? It might almost be questioned whether any of the peculiar mercies which we possess over those which belonged to our ancestors have been recognized in any social worship by thanksgiving. What forms have been ever proposed for blessing God for the great discoveries of modern science and the progress of political freedom, for our fire-horse, the steam-engine, whose fodder of coal was laid up so carefully a million years ago, for the facilitation of all kindly intercourse through the world, for medical and surgical discoveries without number for the relief of human suffering, for the unspeakable blessing of a righteous jurisprudence? Have we no thanks for things like these? Should the *Benedicite* of the "heir of all the ages" be no stave the longer than that of the serf and monk of the centuries when oppression and ignorance darkened Europe with their double night? Methinks that each generation of men ought to add a strophe, and that ours ought to add many a strophe, to the universal hymn of God's happy children.

If we would understand the nature of the blessings God bestows on us, we should do well to remember that in him are united the two characters to which we look with greatest trust and veneration. He is at once the *Father* and the *Mother* of the world. It is only human nature completed and perfected, male and female united, that can offer to us any image of him. If we think, as we so often do, of Him only in one relation, we shall lose unspeakably. The "Parent of God Almighty" is *both* Parents in one. As the FATHER of the universe he gives us life and provides with all a father's care for our preservation and for our progress toward that immortal virtue for whose sake the life was given. As the MOTHER of the world he adds to our existence every unhurtful pleasure which the tenderest of woman's hearts could devise for the innocent happiness of her child. If the Father's gifts be greatest, these are, perhaps, dearer still; for they prove the love of God to be something so tender, so inexpressibly gentle and indulgent, that our hearts at their very hardest are melted when we do but remember it, even as the most abandoned of reprobates are softened when reminded of the mother's love which once has blessed them. Surely there is something wonderful in the thought of those countless millions of little joys which the Wisdom and the Power which guide the systems of the suns have designed and wrought out for every child among us! Let us note a few of these *little* tokens of God's tender love.

It is a trite remark that we are nearly always stimulated to the various actions needful for our life by a sense of *pleasure*, quite superfluous, where mere want and pain would have equally compelled us to exertion. Men eat, drink, sleep, or take exercise because these acts are pleasures, much oftener than because forbearance from them entails pain. Each sense has indeed for itself a garden of its own delights,—beauty and music and perfume, and the tastes of food and drink, and the alternations of warmth and coolness, exercise and repose. Blanco White said that a whole Bridgewater treatise might be written on the proofs of beneficent design manifested in the laws of harmonious sounds and the adaptation of the human ear to their enjoyment. Still wider diffused is the delight in beauty, of which the whole earth and sky afford one endless spectacle. Even the humbler sense of smell gives us a variety of delicate pleasures, which we should rank higher than we do, were we to pay attention to their benefi cent power over the memory and the animal spirits.

Why has God made us to enjoy beauty and music, or why simply has he made the flowers, but out of love like that of a mother?

Why but to make us happy, to gladden our hearts with his beautiful works, to put some proof of his love into every path our feet may tread? Even among our human friends we feel that there is a peculiar tenderness in a gift of flowers which the donor has culled especially for us. Many a large donation of lands or gold from a father has called forth less grateful feelings than the little bunch of our favorite roses which a mother's gentle hands have arranged to greet us in our chamber. And shall we have no swelling heart, no tearful eye, for him who gave us *all* the flowers?

This is an endless theme, wide as man's nature and his world. If I should begin to speak of the joys of the affections and of the intellect, instead of a section of a chapter, I should write volumes on the duty of thanksgiving.—*Frances Power Cobbe, chapter on "Thanksgiving" in "Religious Duty."*

(To be continued.)

THE STILL HOUR.

Nearer and nearer, Lord, and nearer still;
Thy work begun, fulfil;
Shape all my life according to thy will.
Thou know'st how I aspire;
Accept my strong desire,
Hope, heart, and mind,—my spirit's deepest deep;
Take all to feed and keep,
Till my whole soul to love's full flower is blown,
And love's full flower to perfect fruit is grown.
—*Horatio N. Powers.*

MORNING.

Through the day I now begin I will strive to be perfectly true, kind, just, upright. I will try to do the work of the day with cheerfulness, to enjoy its pleasures with thankfulness, and to endure its pains (if any such come to me) with fortitude and patience. I will endeavor to render service with alacrity and unselfishness to any fellow-creature whom it may be given me to assist. I will labor to keep my heart and mind in unbroken harmony with the holy law of God.

O my Master, guide and govern me through this day; and let its close find me with a day's work faithfully done, a day's lesson thoroughly learned, a day's journey straightly travelled on the road to thee.—*"Alone to the Alone."*

EVENING.

Lord of heaven and earth, another of the days which thou hast allotted to me is past and spent, and again I am going to be refreshed with sleep. I thank thee, O my Father, for the many mercies which I have received from thee since this morning. Thy loving kindness is constant and infinite Thou hast guarded me to-day from dangers and strengthened me in weakness. Thou hast led me with kind and fatherly guidance, and thou hast made me glad with unnumbered gifts and favors. I pray thee to forgive the faithlessness which thine all-seeing eye has discerned in my heart this day. Pardon the selfishness, the pride, the disobedience that have spoiled and disfigured the precious minutes and hours which have been intrusted to me by thee. O my God, I would return to thee with the penitence of a sorrowing child; and I beseech thee to grant that my future days may be spent more fully in thy blessed service.

Let thy peace rest upon my soul this night. I lay myself down under the shelter of thy loving care. Prepare me either to wake again for a longer term of life in this world, or to obey a summons into thy more immediate presence. Anew I surrender myself to thee. Thou art my Lord and the source of my being. Watch over me and bless me, and bless all those whom I love, and let them also rest in thy holy keeping this night. Amen.—*"Alone to the Alone."*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Educational.

"Stepping Stones to Literature, First and Second Readers"; "Lessons in Botany"; "America's Story for America's Children"; "Reading without Tears"; "Werner Primer"; "The Hiawatha Primer"; "From Colony to Commonwealth"; "Heart of Oak Books," Nos. 1, 2, 3; "Seed Babies"; Walsh's "New Grammar School Arithmetic"; "Around the World," First Book; "The

Children's Primer," Cyr; "Through the Year," Book Second; "In Childhood Days, First Reader"; "Child Life, Second Reader."

Miscellaneous.

"Cameos of Literature"; "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," Jerome; "Rip Van Winkle"; "Engravings," Landseer; "The Care of a House"; "From the Easy Chair," G. W. Curtis; Wordsworth's "Poems"; Helen Hunt Jackson's "Poems"; "Roger Wolcott," Laurence; Emerson's "Essays"; "Colonial Dames and Good Wives"; "The Gentle Reader," S. M. Crothers; "The Pursuit of Happiness"; "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings"; "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Besant; "Education," Herbert Spencer; "The Life of the Bee," Maeterlinck; "Lucile," Owen Meredith; "My Summer in a Garden," Warner.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty" address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

Any one desiring school-books please apply to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., offers (to ministers) copies of "The Problem of the Fourth Gospel," by James Freeman Clarke.

REQUESTS.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I have removed from Rockford, Michigan, to Spring Lake, Michigan, a larger parish and larger sphere of usefulness. I have been in need of certain books for some time past, and, although I am under a large debt of obligation to *The Cheerful Letter*, yet I thought I might venture to ask for them through its columns: "A Life of James Martineau"; "Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic"; McCarthy's "History of our Own Times"; Clarke's "Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love." W. A. Alleyn, Spring Lake, Michigan.

2. About a year ago I asked, through your paper, for books containing directions for fancy work. So many kind friends responded, and I am sure they will never, never know the pleasure they afforded me. I have learned how to do nearly all the different kinds of embroidery, besides copying the crocheting and other fancy articles. I am afraid sometimes the ones who have been sending me books and papers will think they are "casting their pearls before swine," as I have not written and thanked them individually; but so few of them ever let me know who sends them that it has been impossible for me to do that, and so I take this means of thanking them collectively. I trust they will continue to remember me, for I am confined to the house entirely now, and the monotony would be almost unbearable were it not for my reading and my fancy work. Thanking you all again, (Mrs.) Loma S. Woodhouse, Staunton, Virginia.

3. Will you please ask for me the book "The Crossing," by Churchill; also "Rose in Bloom," by Miss Alcott; also *Harper's Monthly*, August number for 1904? I sincerely thank each one who has contributed to our pleasure by sending reading to us away out here in the wilds of Washington State. May God bless each one. Mrs. A. C. Earle, Delrio, Wash.

4. I would be glad to receive a Bible dictionary and a few fairy tales. I am a crippled man and not able to buy reading matter of any kind, and will pass it on. May the Lord bless and uphold the Cheerful Letter friends and their work. Calloway C. Wainscott, Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

5. Mrs. Ed L. Jones, Mansville, Indian Territory, asks for "The Marriage of William Ashe," "The Secret Woman," and any other reading.

6. Wentworth's "Complete Arithmetic" and Metcalf's Grammar are asked for by Miss A. E. Lindsey, Wadesboro, North Carolina.

7. Harvey's new school Grammar, Barnes's History, and a natural advanced Geography are very much needed by Mrs. Jane M. Blackburn, Ringgold, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 1.

8. The Editor would be glad to receive the following numbers of *The Cheerful Letter:* June, 1892 (the first number); November, 1892; December, 1892. These may be sent directly to Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

REASONING WITH CHILDREN.

I read with great interest the article on "Obstinate Children" in the August number; and, while I fully agree with the spirit, I would point out an opposite danger. Are we not sometimes too curt and harsh in our refusals?

Suppose a child (who is *not* obstinate) is in the habit of spending her playtime with a little neighbor. The mother thinks the children are growing too intimate, and resolves to put a stop to it. The child comes in from school with the usual question, "Mamma, may I go and play in Ada's yard?" never doubting that the answer will be the usual "Yes." "No," says the mother, adding, perhaps yet more harshly, "You want to be in Ada's yard all the time, and I won't have it." "May I have Ada to play with me, then?" "*No!*" Mary is surprised and grieved. She has a vague feeling that she has displeased her mother, she does not know how. Has she not a right to know the cause of the sudden change of tactics on her mother's part? Would it not be better to say: "My dear, Ada's mother does not want you in her yard every day, and I do not care to have Ada in ours every day. You may visit each other about once a week, that is enough." She not only softens her refusal, but gives Mary a principle by which to govern herself, and that should be the aim of all teaching to children.

Or suppose the child asks some indulgence; for example, "Mamma, may I take that hoop that is in the attic, and roll it?"

"No, you are not going to have that hoop!"

In neither of these cases has the child said or done anything wrong, and it ought not to be treated as if it had. Why not say:—

"No, my dear, that hoop was not made to roll: it is for mosquito netting. We shall need it when the mosquitoes come, to keep them off at night. You would find it too large to roll, any way."

If no reason is given, will not the child reason in her own mind, even if she dares not say it, that mamma is cross, and only thwarts her because she has the power to do so?

What should we think of a person who refused a favor to a grown-up friend, with a sharp or even a curt "No, I won't!" such as is often (?) given to children?

Sometimes a child cannot understand why its requests are denied. In that case I would say, frankly, "You cannot understand now: you will when you are older"; or, "I have a reason that I cannot tell you." After that, if there was the least attempt to argue the question, I would settle it with "Do not say any more about it"; and disobedience to that command I would treat like any other, with punishment adapted to the age and disposition of the child.

When a child persists in saying disagreeable and disrespectful things, it is sometimes well to forbid its speaking at all for perhaps ten minutes, in very grave cases for half an hour. Do not say, "Until I give you permission," or you may forget to give it at all. Though my mother insisted upon prompt, unquestioning obedience, she never objected to our asking to be excused if we had a *reasonable* excuse. I remember once when she wished me to cut up and peel a large pumpkin for her to make pies of. "O mamma," said I, "can you wait till to-morrow? I have a composition to write this afternoon." It was found, however, that the pumpkin showed signs of decay, and, unless cooked at once, would be unfit for pies. "All go to work together," said mother, "and you can do it in a very short time." And we did it. Two boys and two girls working with all our might, finished it in about fifteen minutes.

She often called me from my play to do an errand. If I said, "Can you wait, mamma, until I finish this game?" or "finish reading this chapter?" showing her how little there was to finish, she would wait, even at some inconvenience to herself. This made me the more willing to go when it was necessary to say, "No, you must go at once."

My mother would often take a newspaper to cut a pattern, for she did the family sewing herself. If I said, "Mamma, please don't

cut that story, I haven't read it," or "Don't cut those verses, please. I want them to speak in school," she would take another paper, or cut in a different direction, if she possibly could do so. I remember one occasion when she said, "I am afraid I shall have to cut it, dear; but I will keep both parts, and copy it for you as soon as I have time." It was such little acts of thoughtfulness as these that make grateful tears to well up in my eyes as I write. What mother would be content with forced obedience when she can have, for the asking, the loving, willing service of her children? Ah, we should be more careful what we say to these little ones if we realized how any chance word of ours may sink into the memory and be remembered for or against us as long as the child lives.

A word to the children. If your mother is "always cross" when she tells you not to do a thing or that you have "got to do it," it is probably because you have disobeyed her before or obeyed sullenly, and she thinks it necessary to speak decidedly. Show her that you love her, and will do gladly any little service that she may require. Offer to help her. Ask, before you go out, if there are any chores or errands for you to do, and you will soon see a great change in her manner. Remember that it is true of your parents, as of any one else, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Though I am an old maid, I am a jolly old aunty, and I know all about children's trials and difficulties. Fathers and mothers should help the children to be good, and children should and *can* help them to be good.

An Old Maid.

[The editor must reserve comment upon this article until next month. She will only now say that, after having for thirteen years promulgated the principle that gentleness is essential to a firm government, both by many articles in the Mothers' Council and by the distribution of seven hundred copies of Jacob Abbott's "Gentle Measures," it seems strange to be admonished that *not to give a reason* when giving an order involves harshness and an impatient, irritable manner. Exactly the reverse is the case. So far from impatience being *inseparable* from government by authority, there is not much exaggeration in saying it is *incompatible* with it. L. F. C.]

CURIOUS RESTING-PLACES.

Any one who has crossed the Atlantic or Pacific cannot have failed to notice the land birds which seek shelter and rest upon the vessel, often hundreds of miles from shore. Sometimes it is an eagle that alights on the truck or yard-arm; again, a troop of delicate sparrows, or even a humming-bird, all so weary and exhausted that they have lost all fear and almost seem to covet the friendship of human beings.

A fisherman on the Maine coast, who daily sailed out ten miles from shore, stated that he frequently was visited by shore birds, which alighted on his dory and made themselves perfectly at home. Such birds, and those which visit the steamers out to sea, have been blown from their course during the season of migration. Thus in the fall and spring long lines of migrating birds extend up and down the coast. The majority fly at night, high in the air, following the shore line or mountain range, and, if caught in a gale or blown out to sea, they lose their bearings, become confused, and fly on, alighting on vessels when perfectly exhausted.

When ships and boats are not available, birds will alight on almost any object. I have seen a gull standing on the back of a sleeping loggerhead turtle in the Gulf of Mexico, apparently very much at home; and the huge basking shark, which is often seen floating on the surface, its brown back exposed, has been observed almost covered with sea birds, which undoubtedly thought the shark a log or a piece of wreckage, discovering their mistake suddenly when the shark rolled over or sank beneath the waves.

The laughing gulls of the Gulf of Mexico and Southern California waters have a singular fancy for roosting upon the back of the brown pelican, which I have often observed. But this is not always to rest, as the gull reaches out, when the pelican secures a sardine, and often snatches it. Sometimes the gull roosts on the round head of the pelican, its wings held aloft in the effort to preserve its balance. A singular feature of this intrusion and impertinence on the part of the gull is that the pelican never resents it,—at least not in the scores of instances observed by me, so far as appearances went, being aware that it was being trampled upon by the inquisitive laughing gull, which, when it had secured its fish by the most barefaced

methods, went flying away with a victorious "Ha, ha!"

In Africa, especially in the great swamps, certain birds employ a variety of animals as roosts. A small white heron has a special penchant for the rhinoceros, often being seen sitting on its back, its pure white body in sharp contrast to the black and mud-covered living roost. The great water-buffalo is often fairly covered with the birds popularly known as ox-biters, which run over its body, clinging to the long hair, ears, or tail, hanging in clusters about the patient animal, and rise above it in clouds and flocks, uttering vociferous cries when the roost, perchance to relieve itself from the noisy throng, rolls in the deep mud of the swamp.

The camel is often used by several birds as a roost, and undoubtedly all these birds repay the animals by destroying the various parasites which infest them. During the present winter, in riding across country in Southern California, I came upon a flock of sheep grazing on a little *mesa*. Many of the sheep carried about on their backs from one to three or four blackbirds, which perched there apparently perfectly contented. On another occasion I saw pigs serving as roosts instead of sheep. Nearly every black pig was mounted by one or two blackbirds. Some stood on the head, another clung to an ear, while in another instance four blackbirds perched upon the back of a pig, all noisily talking or singing in their peculiar language.

A traveller in North Africa has described a remarkable instance of this singular association. Lying in the bush, watching for large game, he saw approaching a flock of storks, which moved slowly on with deliberate gait, feeding as they came. When they reached him, passing not twenty feet away, to his astonishment he saw that each stork bore upon its back one or two small birds, which occasionally flew to the ground to pick up a grasshopper, but invariably returning to their strange walking roost.

If we go down to the sea, we shall find many quaint illustrations of this custom. A sea-anemone in East Indian waters adopts a crab as a roost, and rides about upon it—not upon its back, but upon one of its big claws—in such a position that, when the crab eats, the mouth of the sea-anemone is brought in contact with the food. This is one of the most remarkable instances of something akin to affection between two low animals known, as the experiment of separating them was tried. The anemone was taken off the claw of the crab, which at once resented it and replaced the anemone in the same spot. This was repeated, and again the crab replaced the anemone in the same position. Then the cruel experimentalist removed the anemone and cut it into several pieces, whereupon the crab attempted to collect them and replace them upon its claw. The animals which carry others about for various reasons are numerous, and a volume could be written about them alone.—*Prof. Charles Frederic Holder, in the Christian Register.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

(*Diary*) "*May 24th* [1853].—Made up my mind. Must sell old family pictures, must sell old family estates. It is painful. Ancestral feelings are very strong with me; but it is far better to have a well-inhabited, well-cottaged property, people in decency and comfort, than well-hung walls, which persons seldom see and almost never admire unless pressed to do so. And, as for estates, why it is ruin to retain them, in the face of mortgage, debt, and the necessary provision for your children!

"*May 28th.* Sent to St. Giles's for two more pictures to be sold. The house is falling, and must be repaired. Will not do it from any fund or revenue by which moneys devoted to religion, charity, or cottage-building would be diverted. Must therefore surrender more heirlooms, dismantle my walls, check ancestral feeling, and thank God it is no worse. . . .

"These lawyers multiply business and charge prodigiously for every step of it. They send in their accounts very seldom, so that the client has no notion of the expense he is incurring by a series of apparently small items, little suspecting that every question gives rise, perhaps, to a dozen letters, and each letter costing as many pounds; and then, when the account does come in, no man that has lived, does live, or will live, can check it. Who at the distance of two or three years, can say whether he asked such a question, received such an answer, saw A. B., was seen by C. D., etc.,—over-minute details, covering, as mine does, some forty folio pages?

"*June 29th.* To build cottages is nearly as ruinous as to gild your saloons: it is an enormous expenditure and no rent. A pair of cottages cost me four hundred pounds,

and the rent I receive from them is £2, 10s., or at most £3 for each cottage, garden included."

Lord Shaftesbury's sympathy with the anti-slavery cause in the United States roused great anger among the pro-slavery partisans, and many American papers attacked him with great severity, and urged him to "look at home" and consider the condition of the working classes of his own country. The ire of an editor of one of the "religious" papers of the South was greatly roused, and in an angry article he wrote: "And who is this Earl of Shaftesbury? Some unknown lordling, one of your modern philanthropists suddenly started up to take part in a passing agitation. It is a pity he does not look at home. Where was he when Lord Ashley was so nobly fighting for the Factory Bill and pleading the cause of the English slave? We never even heard the name of this Lord Shaftesbury *then*."*

Lord Shaftesbury loved a good joke, and he often related this story with infinite merriment.

(*Diary*) "*Oct. 5th* [1853].—Progress fair at St. Giles's. Provisions very high. Raised the wages of my people. Will others do the same? Happy prospects of my drainage efforts. Many laborers will be required; and, if they labor diligently, their wages will be good. All the men employed on the house desired a holiday, and they had it, with cricket, football, quoits, etc.; bread, cheese, beer, and apples in just quantity. They played the whole day, were in extravagant spirits. Behaved admirably well, and went home perfectly sober. I confess it did my heart good to see them sharing with me, in due time and proportion, the enjoyment of the old park of my ancestors."

In 1854 came the Crimean War. Lord Shaftesbury's biographer says: "He was called to a work of the gravest importance, for which, as far as we are aware, he has never had the credit which was justly his due; namely, the organization of a sanitary commission, with full powers to redress the grievances at Scutari and Balaklava, as far as they were capable of redress, and thus to roll away, as far as possible, the stigma that attached to the nation."

"That commission," Miss Nightingale wrote to Lord Shaftesbury, some time afterward, "saved the British army."

*Lord Shaftesbury was himself the Lord Ashley referred to.

About this time two offers were made to Lord Shaftesbury, to accept which would have added to the brilliancy of his worldly position, and one of them *might* have increased his opportunities of usefulness. The first was the Order of the Garter. This he declined, partly on account of the expensive fees involved in accepting it, partly for other reasons, among them that he thought it unwise to lay himself under obligation to the prime minister, and did not wish to bind himself by party ties.

The other was the offer of a seat in the cabinet, with the title of Duke of Lancaster. His friends urged him to accept this; and Lady Shaftesbury, then absent, wrote, saying, "I *beseech* you not to refuse." The motive urged was that his power and influence for all the good objects in which he was interested would be greatly strengthened by holding such a position.

"I never was in such perplexity in my life," said Lord Shaftesbury to the writer (of the biography) when narrating these incidents. "I was at my wit's end. On one side were ranged wife, relations, friends, ambition, influence; on the other my own objections, which seemed sometimes to weigh as nothing in comparison with the arguments brought against them. I could not satisfy myself that to accept office was a divine call. I *was* satisfied that God had called me to labor among the poor. . . . But God interposed for me."

Lord Palmerston was in a dilemma. Up to that point he had been unable to find anybody who would satisfactorily fill the vacancy. Otherwise he would have relieved his friend from the pressure that he knew was intolerable. His own light and hopeful spirit made him believe that, once in office, all the objections would disappear and only good would ensue to all.

The biographer continues. To use his (Lord Shaftesbury's) own words: "I never felt so helpless. I seemed to be hurried along without a will of my own, without any power of resistance. I went and dressed, and then, while I was waiting for the carriage, I went down on my knees and prayed for counsel, wisdom, and understanding. Then there was some one at the door, as I thought, to say that the carriage was ready. Instead of that, a note, hurriedly written in pencil, was put into my hands It was. from Palmerston: 'Don't go to the Palace.' That was thirty years ago, but I dance with joy at the remembrance of that interposi-

tion, as I did when it happened. It was, to my mind, as distinctly an act of special Providence as when the hand of Abraham was stayed and Isaac escaped."

The "ram caught in the thicket" was the Earl of Harrowby, and on March 31 he was sworn in as chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

During the month of June (1855) Lord Shaftesbury was busy with two bills, one for further legislation on behalf of chimney sweeps, whose wrongs were still left unredressed (which bill, chiefly in consequence of the active resistance of Sir G. Grey, he was compelled to withdraw), and another on behalf of milliners and dressmakers. The question of their condition had been frequently discussed; but nothing had been done until 1842, when the report of the employment commission was issued, and even then no direct legislative results followed. In 1843 there were 1,500 young persons of fourteen years old and upward employed in this business in the metropolis. Their hours were from fifteen to eighteen a day, with only from two to six hours for rest. The consequence was that consumption and impaired eyesight were terribly prevalent among them. In 1844 a committee of benevolent ladies caused Sunday work to be abandoned, and in 1853 the proprietors of many dressmaking establishments agreed to abide by rules laid down by an association formed to protect the interests of the needlewomen.

Since that time, however, things had lapsed almost to their former worst condition, and Lord Shaftesbury's bill proposed that between May 1 and August 1, which included the "London season," work should be prohibited between 10 P.M. and 8 A.M. and for the remainder of the year between 9 P.M. and 8 A.M. An hour and a half was to be allowed for meals. All proceedings for the enforcement of penalties under the bill were to be taken at the police courts, before magistrates to whom the jurisdiction in these matters was to be exclusively committed.

"*June 6th* [1855].—Have prepared bills for the chimney sweepers and milliners. Sad, cruel, overwhelming, their sufferings; but how shall I prosper? All is in His hands who cares as much for the smallest, sickliest seamstress as for all the grand ladies in the land.

"*June 16th.*—On Thursday last introduced bill for relief of 'Milliners and Dressmakers.' Statement, though most distressing, received with little favor indoors, and, so far as I can see, with none out of doors. Not a paper except the *Standard* has uttered a word in defence of these poor, helpless, oppressed girls. Referred to a 'Committee on Trade.'"

Immediately after the close of the Parliamentary session Lord Shaftesbury started for his customary tour abroad.

"*Aug. 8th* [1855].—Do not start on my journey with a light heart. Far rather remain in England. . . . Am getting on in life, and must use, while it lasts, my remnant of intellect. Powers, such as they were, weaken, and no wonder; for it is all expense and no income, all labor and no rest, all action and no study, all exhaustion and no supply. Not had time to read a single book, a single review."

The journey, which began without lightheartedness, was to end in deep gloom. His son Maurice had for many years been the victim of a sad malady, and, while Lord Shaftesbury was on his travels, the news reached him that he had passed away.

To his son, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

BASLE, Aug. 21, 1855.

My dear Evelyn,—Here, on our way to Lausanne as fast as we could go, we received a telegraphic message to announce that dear Maurice had entered into his rest. . . .

I have lost two precious sons for the short time of human life; but I have, by the love of Christ, housed them forever in heaven. May those who survive walk worthy of their vocation, and after a life of service and faith be gathered into a blissful eternity.

To the Same.

SEPT. 3, 1855.

. . . Poor dear Maurice was interred in the cemetery of the district (there being no English churchyard), attended by many kind and sympathizing people. Wonderful it is that this feeble boy had such a charm around him as to attract very many. His intellectual weakness and his spiritual strength resulted in a very impressive combination. . . . Frequently, in speaking and in writing, I have been permitted to comfort him by quoting the words of our blessed Lord, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—*The Life of Shaftesbury, by Hodder.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

School has begun again, so we give a charade recounting a schoolboy's pranks and consequent experience, and we caution our puzzlers not to give up solving it until they have looked in a geographical encyclopædia.

I.

CHARADE.

In my schoolroom here I sit,
  Hour by hour and day by day,
Busy with my girls and boys,
  Guiding all their work and play;
    And this spot so dear to me
    Is on the banks of the ONE–TWO–THREE.

Future statesmen here are found,
  Future mothers of the race,
Saucy THREE and naughty Ned,
  Mary, sweet and fair of face;
    These and many more you'll see
    On the banks of the ONE–TWO–THREE.

Sometimes mischief fills the air,
  Then oft ONE TWO on my desk,
Or, when impish Daniel draws
  On his slate a face grotesque,
    When this funny face I see,
    Then, with vigor, TWO ONE THREE.

II.

An Unfortunate Bride.

Make sense of the following without altering a word:—

"A bride stood at the altar on her head, a wreath of roses on her feet, white satin slippers on her lips, a lovely smile in her hand, a bouquet of orange-flowers trembling with emotion, to the consternation of the guests she suddenly fainted away."—*Selected.*

III.

More Paradoxes.

1. What is the difference between seeing — — and hearing me cry—?

2. What is the difference between having four — to your bed, and four — at foot and head?

3. What is the difference between these two questions: Did "this maple sugar come from —?" "— — have some of this maple sugar?"

IV.

How Many?

A farmer's wife went to a neighbor and asked if she could buy a dozen eggs from her. "I have not a dozen," said the neighbor, "but I will lend you half the eggs that I have, and half an egg more." Then she put two eggs into a pudding and cooked the remaining one for her dinner. How many had she at first?

V.

Try It.

For the *Cheerful Letter*.

I put a number of nails into a basin of water and let them soak for several minutes. Then I found that I could easily cut them in two with a pair of scissors. Try it, and write to us how you succeed.

VI.

Conundrums.

1. What is the difference between six dozen dozen and half a dozen dozen?

2. What three Ps rule the world?

3. When is an Irish boy like butter?—*Selected.*

Answers to Puzzles in September Number.

I. Pen.

II. 1. Dinner, inner. 2. Hour, our. 3. Four, our. 4. Seven, even. 5. Supper, upper. 6. Beaten, eaten.

III. Cow.

IV. Fill up the two smaller cans, and there will be one quart left in the larger one.

V. 1. Coreopsis. 2. Dandelion. 3. Mallow. 4. Goldenrod. 5. Aster. 6. Peony.

VI. 1. Because it cannot be used until it is broken. 2. The point of a good joke 3. Oasis (O–A–Sis).

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To James Freeman Clarke.

LAKE ERIE, July 6, 1837.

My dear James,—I did not keep my promise of writing to you again from Chicago, because I was so much occupied while there. I stayed nearly a week, found William and

Abraham quite well and very glad to see me, but very sorry not to see you. Mr. Moore, Mr. Ballistier, and Mr. Rogers were much disappointed that you did not come. They are the best friends the Unitarian cause has there, but they count about twelve decided staunch advocates and a plenty of others who are not decided. It would be a capital place for you to preach in, there are so many fine young men who are just ready to hear you, and who would form a church at once, I have no doubt, if you were there to set the matter before them. I became acquainted with a great many people. Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. John Kinzie, Mrs. Robert Kinzie, Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood, etc., came to seem me, and are very fine people. John Kinzie has built an Episcopal church himself, and I heard old Bishop Chase preach in it He is a fine old man, and speaks in the pulpit with as natural an inflexion of voice as if he were not an Episcopalian. The church is smaller than ours as Louisville, and was quite full. Mr. Ballistier has just married a relation of the Kinzies, and she is an Episcopalian, and I fear he will be drawn away from us if we have no preaching there. I wish you could go when you return from Boston next fall You would enjoy it, I am sure; for I can see that you would collect a fine society at once, and there is now an admirable room that you could have to preach in. Mrs. —— is a very fine woman indeed, with the faults only which belong too often to the members of her church. Her husband was Indian agent at Chicago, Fort Winnebago, and other places, and so became possessed of property at Chicago which has risen in value suddenly and made him a very rich man. On Wednesday Mr. Webster* arrived in a violent rain storm, and his escort were drenched through. They fired in his honor a piece of brass artillery which they have lately fished out of the lake, where it was sunk during the last war. Mr. Henry Moore was appointed to meet him with a speech at the door of the Lake House (where we are), and Mr. Webster answered it. The next morning we all went to see them, and there was a party that night at Mr. Robert Kinzie's. The next day a dinner or cold collation was given him on the esplanade in front of the fort, and after dinner he went within the fort and made his speech, which was in substance the same he made at Louisville. The ladies were placed above him in the barracks, and had an excellent situation to hear him. There were about two thousand men there, I should think, closely wedged together, and our brother Abraham nearly wore out his throat in his loud applause. There are many administration men here, or Democrats, as they call themselves. In fact, all the city officers are of that party, and they took no part in the festivities except to look on; but they all liked the speech. That evening there were two parties, and the next morning it was agreed that the large steamboat "Madison" should take Mr. Webster across the lake to Michigan City with as many citizens as would go, and make it a party of pleasure. All the people in town were going; but, the night and morning proving stormy and rough, the captain declined going, as it is a difficult place to land passengers from so large a boat. They were all much disappointed and excited, and were very angry with the captain. I saw him from my window disputing with a monstrous crowd of gentlemen, who could not bear that Mr. Webster should be disappointed. At last they took him up to Mr. Webster, who said he had no wish to have the experiment tried whether a large boat could land there in such a high wind, and the affair was given up.

That evening I went on board the "Madison" with Mr. and Mrs. Bush and Miss Hubbard and her brother-in-law, Dr. Castleman, formerly of Louisville, who are all going as far as New York with me. Abraham could not go home without a great sacrifice at this time, and I shall do very well with this party. The "Madison" is a fine boat, almost as large and strong as a Liverpool packet. She is immensely broad and beautifully finished off, has three masts, and seems much safer than the river boats. I am writing now in my stateroom. The motion of the engine is not felt at all; and last night, when we came out upon Lake Erie, we walked the deck all the evening while the engine was working with all its power and two large sails out besides, and we could not feel that we were in motion at all. It *has* been quite rough, however, so that many were seasick. We had a tremendous thunderstorm the other night and rain enough to drown a city. Yesterday we passed Detroit, and I could not make up my mind to go ashore there. The associations with it were too painful. Yet I suppose not one of the busy multi-

*Daniel Webster, no doubt.

tudes I saw there were thinking of the same thing that I was, though they had probably all heard of it. The pleasantest time I had on the Lakes was at Mackinac. There we landed and passed two hours in visiting the curiosities of the place. The fort, which is no longer garrisoned, is built high on the rocks, and commands the entrance of these lakes. There is a town of old French houses and old French people, and we saw about fifty Indians there, the first I have ever seen in so wild a state. Some were painted with scarlet faces, and others had tall feathers on their heads and tin bracelets on their arms. Passing Fort Gratiot we received a salute from the guns, which we afterward found out was intended for Daniel Webster, as he was supposed to be on board our boat.

Please give my love to all our friends as you have opportunity. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Keats and their sweet daughters. Tell Isabel that she must draw something for me. Have you ever taken Mount Ararat to school yet? I shall be quite mortified if you never use it.

Give my love to Mrs. Sumner, and tell her that I advise her to take a ride through Michigan to strengthen her nerves. I hope you go to Judge Speed's sometimes. Tell little Ann that I hope she still talks of coming to Boston. I shall put this letter in the office as soon as I reach Buffalo, and write you from the Falls, if possible.

Yours ever,

SARAH.

Every human being has in him the germ of the greatest idea in the universe,—the idea of God; and to unfold this is the end of his existence.

One lesson from Christ will carry you higher than years of study under those who are too enlightened to follow this celestial guide.

Our own souls bear witness to the teaching of Christ that it is the "narrow way" of self-denial "which leadeth unto life."—*Channing.*

Where men differ, it is because they know in part and see in part: where they agree, it is because they supply the narrowness of their creed by the largeness of their love.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange will arrange for lessons by correspondence in such subjects as are desired by those without school facilities, who would like to take up a course of study in this manner. It is believed that much practical help can thus be given.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction send their requests to Mrs. C. L. Stebbins, 52 Fayette Street, Cambridge, Mass., stating the subjects in which they wish instruction?

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to Mrs. W. B. Nichols.

Until further notice the begging letters, formerly sent to Miss Langmaid, may go to our Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

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